

ON THE  
**Pretended Ghost**  
 Of the Late  
**Lord RUSSEL.**

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*Si Natura negat, facit Indignatio Versum.* Juv. Sat. 1.

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**VV** Hen fullen Darkneſs had o'er ſpread the face  
 O'th Univerſe, when th' Sun had ceas'd to grace  
 The ſpacious Earth with his Illuſtrious Beams,  
 And dipt his Golden Head i'th weſtern ſtreams;

When every Mortal was diſpos'd to reſt,  
 And anxious care was baniſh'd from each breaſt:  
 Tir'd with thè Labours of the fore-paſt day,  
 Each one to ſweet Repoſe makes haſte away.  
 When pleaſant ſleep had clos'd up ev'ry eye,  
 And ev'ry honeſt man did ſlumbring lye:  
 When none but *Tories* ſtagger'd up and down,  
 And Bullies, to diſturb our peaceful Town.  
 Like Owls and Batts they ſhun the hated Light,  
 To act their deeds of darkneſs in the Night.  
 Then did begin this Pleaſant Comedie,  
 Which prov'd to th' Actor almoſt a Tragedie;  
 As by the Sequel, you will plainly ſee.

That Noble Lord who was but lately Try'd,  
 For Treason, by our Law, for which he dy'd,  
 By a dull *Tory* Vintner was Bely'd.  
 Who not content with his unhappy Fate,  
 Was mov'd by th' Dev'l and his Malicious Hate,  
 T' invent a Forgery, for which he'l be  
 Famous hereafter, and his Infamie  
 To Future Ages will become as known,  
 As if with Sacrilegious Hands he'd done  
 Deſpite unto *Jove's* Holy Prieſt, or Rob'd,  
 The Sacred Temple of ſome Demy God.

And now the ſcene begins, O horrid ſight!  
 A dreadful Ghost appears, dreſt all in white:  
 Enough to ſcare a *Tory* out of's ſenſes,  
 Who loves to ſee nothing in white but Wenches.  
 And thus he did begin, with hollow voice,  
 And a ſhrill tone, utter'd with doleful noiſe.  
*I am the late Renown'd Lord Ruſſell's Ghost,*  
*That with a Lye'n my mouth went off the Coaſt*

A

of

Of this vain World: O what a grievous poth'r  
Is made o'th' Speech of which I'm not the Author:  
For though it went Disguis'd under my Name,  
Yet Doctor Burnet only made the same:  
I cannot rest in quiet in my Grave —

No, says the honest Man; then thou shalt have  
That which will make thee; 'Twas no sooner said,  
But strait the Restless Ghost he bravely laid.  
Not by th' uncertain Art of Magick Spells,  
Or pious cheats, us'd in Religious Cells;  
But the ne'r failing Sovereign Remedy  
Did to's Jolt-Head and Asses-Ears apply,  
Of Oyl of Club, which did him so deface,  
St. Dunstons Dev'l was ne'r in such a case.

Thus was the Foppish and unthinking Sor,  
Catcht in the Noose of his own shallow Plor.  
Like silly witches when in great't distres  
Left by the Fiend they ador'd, find no redress:  
E'en so did our deluded wretched Cully  
Reap the Reward of his prodigious Folly:  
Left by the Devil his master, and too late  
For him to 'scape, (O inevitable Fate!)  
Without sound drubbing and a broken Pate.  
O Horrid Villanie, as ever can  
Be perpetrated by perfidious man!

The bawling wide mouth'd B.-D. of the Nation  
May have new mater for his Observation,  
Since Tory-Visions are come into fashion.  
The wiggish Maid of Hatfield was a cheat:  
'Tis this Gigantick Soul must do the feat.  
What envious R.—and his yelping Crew,  
Wanted by sence and reason to prove true,  
This Gallant counterfitted Ghost must do.  
Over the dead t' insult, and Tyranize  
Argues but base, unmanly cowardise.  
Yet when this Noble Lord to Natur'd paid  
His Debt, his rancourd malice was not itaid:  
Steep'd in the Livid Gall of raging Passion  
To Sacrifice his former Reputation,  
By shamming, cheats, and Lies upon the Nation.  
Thanks to kind Heavens, Defenders of the good  
Which this his treacherous design withstood:  
Laught at his Pride and Folly, and has cast,  
On this his well form'd wicked Plot a Blast.  
Therefore let every honest man engage  
In hearty Votes to Heaven to save our Age,  
From Popish-Malice, and from Tory-Rage.

FINIS.

Entered according to Order.

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